

# Vroom, Maltese

Sometimes i don't know why I'm always chasing  
Fortune and fame and you, open your eyes  
You'll see my disguise, you might find you have one too

I am not the one who believes in the tragedy of wrong or right  
Just an empty day in the life of a man who's never won a fight

I know I'm alive for the first time in years  
I can turn and face my fears  
I hope that you will see your time will come and you'll find  
From these bonds you've been set free

Don't look at me now I'm afraid to be understood by  
Anyone everyone looks up to and respects  
By the standards of the world  
By the standards of the month

I can see how you can get away  
You think that you will never be afraid  
But if you're not sure  
If you can live without your blanket  
You wake up in the morning light  
The sunlight hurts your blurry eyes  
You're waiting for an overdue surprise  
Don't ask why